The Martyr's Return

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The Martyr's Return

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OVER half a century has passed since the Civil War came to a close—that war in which brother stood against brother for a few dreadful years, only to unite in the bonds of love which nothing on earth can break now; that war which shook from end to end the Nation for whose preservation it had begun. Not many remain of the brave veterans who would gladly have given, they too, their lives for the sake of their cause.

General Hazard is one of the last of the comrades. None knows better than he what dangers the country faced in the early sixties and safely passed under the guiding hand of the martyred President; and none knows better than he what dangers still await the noble Nation, not merely dangers of war but also perils of peace. Who in this enlightened age can say that peace is even more perilous than war? Who but General Hazard

—for he is a prophet as well as veteran. He has been wounded in battles of arms, and he has been scathed and matured by the battles of life. He has seen the world from all sides.

Seated by the large, old-fashioned fireplace in his home in Virginia, where, although a Northerner by birth, he prefers to live and die, he watches the huge logs blaze and crackle in their attempt to warm the limbs of the half-reclining general.

He is sunk in thought: and as he muses he sees visions of the past. Soldiers dressed in blue are marching proudly down the long street amid cries and cheers, with guns glittering upon their shoulders and flags flying above their heads. Then a blank intervenes. Suddenly the sound of booming guns seems to shake him in his chair—a line of brave men rushes fiercely toward another line —great clouds of smoke envelop everything—and then a powder-stained rem-

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nant, tattered and gory, feebly retires from the battle-field with ensigns torn and covered with dark stains, the life-blood of heroes. Another blank. The general shifts uneasily in his leather chair.

Now he is in Washington; in the executive mansion, in the president's office. A tall figure in simple dress talks earnestly with a group of uniformed men, pointing occasionally to a large map spread out upon the table. Slowly the vision vanishes. A tear drops down the general's cheek.

Once more the scene is shifted. It is the interior of a theater. The play has not yet begun. A special box adorned with flags is the center of the attention of the spectators, for within it sits their idol—the man who saved the nation by his wonderful guidance. A tremor seizes the aged warrior so that he can not control the shaking of his rheumatic limbs, and a cold sweat breaks out over his body

—a form creeps stealthily toward the president's box—a pistol shot rings out with a flash of flame. A wild panic ensues—the people, dumb for a moment, rush forward to seize the escaping wretch and to assist their fallen chief.

A gentle hand was laid upon the general's shoulder. Aroused from his frightful dream, he started up with livid countenance and looked around. He gasped for breath, and fell back weakly in his chair. He who had met Death on the battle-field without a quiver was smitten with chilling fear: it is easier to face Death than a specter.

"Come, come, General!" exclaimed the tall figure behind him. "This will never do! Are you so easily disturbed? I never thought that of you, Hazard. Do you remember one day near Chickamauga when a shell hit the tree by your head and blew off your hat? And you said, 'What a strong breath these confounded Confederate shells have, anyway!'?"

The President chuckled at the memory of this incident, which had been related to him afterward by one of the officers who saw it, and who watched Hazard pick up his hat and brush away the dirt as one would brush a fly.

A triumphant expression passed across the general's face. "Those were indeed exciting days, President," he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "We had our hands full then. Pardon me for my childishness—I'm getting ancient, you see, and was somewhat startled. You haven't changed much, though."

"Sit right still!" cried the visitor as the warrior tried in vain to rise to give him the chair. "I reckon your legs aren't quite so good as they used to be. I'll bring this other chair up to the fire, and have a chat with you. We shall have no ceremonies between two old cronies like us. I came to talk over some important business with you, Hazard," he said, passing his immense hand a little wearily

over his forehead, which seemed unusually pale to the general, although very natural.

"It's good to see you. Thought I might never see you again."

"You remind me of Colonel Borgen," replied the other. "One day he rushed excitedly into my room and shouted like mad: 'They've come, President Lincoln, they've come!' 'Who's come?' says I. 'Those confounded mugwumps!' 'Mugwumps, Colonel?' 'Well, President,' he answered, 'I'll introduce them to you.' That was just like Colonel Borgen—he could cool down in half a minute in spite of his temper. They said you had an awful temper, General, but I never saw it."

"I'm ashamed to let you get your own chair, President Lincoln," responded Hazard, still attempting to get up. His fingers twitched convulsively. "My old wound bothers me, besides sciatica and rheumatism."

"Oh, that's all right, take it easy. You're not young any more, I know. Let's see, how old are you, anyway?"

"Ninety-one, Mr. President."

"A ripe old age, a ripe old age. You have had some experiences in your lifetime, eh?"

"Yes—almost too many. Some of them I would like to forget."

"For instance?" and the great form leaned forward to catch the general's words distinctly.

The latter, raising himself on his hands with a painful effort in order to see better his interlocutor, noticed for the first time a wound in the back of the president's head, though partly hidden by his grizzly hair. He shuddered, closed his eyes to shut out the horrible sight and at the same time to send his thoughts back into the shadowy years of the past. Bowing his head upon his breast, he answered,—

"The Reconstruction was a terrible

period. The Southerners, crushed by four years of desperate struggle against fate, burdened by the weight of debt, their property destroyed, their sons dead, their slaves gone, with scarcely any means to emerge from their deplorable condition, were harassed and tormented by law-makers who lacked a wise leader, some of whom meant well but others not, and were tortured still further by adventuring carpet-baggers, whose business it was to rake the ruins. Without you, President, we were lost."

"I had planned to cement the North and South by bonds more harmonious than carpet-baggers, before—before—they—I left this place. Johnson meant well."

"Yes, but he blundered horribly. He was not strong enough to sweep down the opposition against him in Congress. He provoked when he should have made friends. His were not the only blunders made, however. There were many dur-

ing the war which prolonged it unnecessarily."

The gaunt form beside him leaned over again and said in a strange voice: "For instance?"

"Jealousies among the generals. Appointment of officers wholly unfit for duty."

The Martyr sighed. "We all make mistakes, Hazard. Man is but human, after all. His mind can see very little compared with what there is, although he may think otherwise. *I* blundered, too. Often, besides, I was opposed by assistants who at other times were wise and able. Perhaps they knew better than I. You spoke of the appointment of incompetent officers. One can not always tell beforehand what a man will do on the field. Scott, tired and infirm, had distinguished himself in the Mexican war; McClellan—weak, womanish and jealous—considered himself a young Napoleon. Thomas, one of the best gener-

als that ever fought a battle, was not given a chance. It was partly my fault. We were afraid that if he was put in command, he would cause splits in the ranks, since he was a Virginian; so others of less ability were advanced over his head. He was a noble man, Thomas. If I could do it over again, I would do differently; but my hands were not free—you know very well."

"It is a pity, though, that Thomas was kept back for political reasons. No man knows what he might have done if he had been given the chance. Yes, he was a real man—an example to the nation, for whose sake he swallowed his pride and served faithfully."

For some time they both sat regarding the sputtering fire, silently engaged in meditation. At length the old general spoke in earnest tones.

"President Lincoln," he said, "why must a country pass through a cycle of rise and decay? It seems a dreadful

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thing, but such is the record of history. The path of a nation is an orbit: there is a gradual advancement until the zenith is reached, and then the descent begins. Man is man forever, and history repeats itself. Egypt waxed and waned; Babylonia, Assyria, Persia fell through weakness and by the sword; Greece blazed up into a beacon-light, but soon flickered and went out; the rise and fall of the great Roman Empire is a by-word; Carthage did not long retain an inglorious supremacy; Venice has almost disappeared, and Holland is but a small place devoted to the pursuit of money; the extensive empires of Peru and Mexico gave way before the arms of the invader; Spain is now but a fourth rate power, poor and miserable; the Ottoman Empire is walking on crutches; even now England and France are approaching a critical period; and the United States—where is it? Is it still climbing upwards?

"Even as I speak the compensating forces are at work upon our wonderful country. The blessings of a nation—wealth, prosperity, power—prove only too often to be her greatest curse. So it is in every branch of human life: the good is closely pursued by the bad, and the bad by the very worst. The height of an empire has marked it out for ruin. What is more terrible than the collapse of a mighty kingdom? Has the United States yet reached her zenith? How soon will she fall like the rolling sea, that rises to high tide only to sink ignominiously down to the flats where all is stench and decay? Should I even hint that she was in danger of starting upon her decline, I should be branded as a traitor and liar. Although I have often thought so, I would not allow myself to intimate it, for I love my country and do not wish to be a prophet of evil, no, not for the world. But, frankly, Lincoln, is she bettering herself from generation to gener-

ation? Is she advancing as she ought? Ah, you do not know how many sleepless nights I have spent thinking of her, my dear country, for whom my heart's blood is not too good a sacrifice.

"The question which keeps coming up in my mind is this: must the United States travel on the same road as the nations I have mentioned? Can she not, by wisdom, prudence and discretion, overcome the danger which attends her national growth, and keep ever to the upward path? She is not too old to learn from the disaster of others.

"Rome once rose from a little village upon the banks of the Tiber into a world empire, throughout which, from end to end—"

"It was—" the Martyr interrupted, then he hesitated.

"What?" demanded Hazard.

"I should not have stopped you—go on, please."

"I was going to say that from end to

end the very name of Roman citizen was sacred and inviolate. It was upon the sturdy severity, the manly simplicity, and the sterling probity of their early fathers that Rome was founded; but when, after years of triumphs, having extended its sway for the sake of material gain, after the Roman had laid aside as ignominious the rusticity of his ancestors and lived superbly by others' toil, after he had settled back in ease in order to enjoy life by lustful extravagance, even pricking up his tired sensuality by the most debasing debaucheries continued from sunset to sunrise and from sunrise to sunset,—what then remained for Rome but fateful destruction? Does luxurious licentiousness lead to power? With wars came success, with success came pride, wealth and comfort, and with that came Death. Life can not continue when the strength of the body is effete.

"We have had wars, and have seen the

flower of the country shot down by the thousands in defence of national principles; and although I hate war, nevertheless there are times when the life of the individual must be subordinated to the life of the nation of which he is a part and whose blessings both he and his family enjoy. A nation is a congregation of similar souls sanctified to the advancement and welfare of succeeding generations. We must build for the future. The present is but a small point in the line of existence. The nation must be protected at whatever cost. I believe that even the sons of the South are beginning to understand the wisdom of the North in combatting for its preservation. —Perhaps I tire you, President?"

"Tire me? That reminds me of the time a delegation came to Washington to complain about this and that. They talked and talked, and finally I began to think about something else, and became absent-minded. Then one of them

said, 'Are we tiring you, President Lincoln?' 'Bless you,' said I, 'tire me? Why I thought you had gone!' No, you do not tire me, Hazard. I came here to talk with you. We have all the time in the world—I am part of eternity, and you will soon join me there. Go ahead and relieve your mind. I enjoy hearing you."

The other sighed a breath of relief, and settled back again in his chair after putting a couple of sticks on the fire.

"I was saying," he continued, making an effort to collect his thoughts, which had wandered away momentarily from the subject, "how wise is the remark once made that in a time of peace one should prepare for war. There is always danger of invasion from Europe and Asia. We possess a wonderful country, rich and fertile; it is a prize not to be laughed at. Why did the English, French, Spanish and Portuguese, not to mention other nationalities, come here centuries ago?

They were pushed over by desire and need for conquest. Density of population such as exists in Europe and Asia today—which tomorrow will be yet greater—causes no end of trouble among nations. The socialists are right in emphasizing the land question as being the fundamental problem of society.

"On our western coast the people are facing the problems of immigration from the East. They restrict the tide of laborers from certain countries; and what is the result? Bitter remonstrances, national confusion. Cowards and mild-hearted citizens urge the open door. 'What right have we to keep out anybody who wants to come in?' they say. What right have we? The same right as a man has to keep undesirable visitors out of his house. Our country is our land. I care not to go into the question of the ethics of invasion, but I assert that what we now possess is our own, to be handled as we please. I do not advocate the

breaking of treaties; neither do I believe in a suicide compact. When an individual tries to commit suicide, he is arrested and taken to jail, a criminal, and perhaps too, a fool. Shall we open the doors —bulkheads which afford safety to the ship of state—and look gently on while fanatic, lustful swarms of easterners or westerners rush madly in for their share of booty? Let us have peace, but not by cutting open our own throats. And there is danger of attack besides, on account of wars which might become absolutely necessary from whatever cause.

"The protection which we must have above all else is tremendous coast guns and a powerful navy kept up-to-date and large enough for the purpose. Consider, Mr. Lincoln, what the navy has done for us even in our short history as a nation."

"It has surely done remarkable things."

"In the Revolutionary War the naval successes of our ancestors helped in no

small way to bring about the desired end. The capture of the Serapis by the Bonhomme Richard under Paul Jones, after the Richard, old and rotten, almost unmanageable and sinking rapidly, had only three guns left that could be fired, exemplifies the skill and bravery of American sailors. Thus the beginning of our navy was coincident with the beginning of the nation, which has in its veins the blood of the old sea-rovers, without which our predecessors could hardly have accomplished such remarkable deeds of naval prowess. Those who are adapted to the sea excel upon it.

"When Jefferson was president, the only means of freeing the country, still considered abroad a weak and tottering child among nations, from the most humiliating insults at the hands of insignificant Mediterranean pirates, came through sending battleships to straighten out the disturbances; and how well the work was done, the spirits of the Bey of

Tripoli, Preble and Decatur can testify. Not merely was our national honor protected but too the lives of American citizens. Dishonor is worse than death. Even a Christian who believes that war is hell can not hold up his head and face the world after being branded as a coward and a dishonorable man."

"You remind me," said the Martyr, "of the story they tell about the Philadelphia quakers in the early days when attacks from the savages were frequent. Those worthy scions of imperturbability refused to take part in the common defence, since fighting was strictly against their scrupulous principles, although they seemed to be very willing and ready at all times to receive whatever protection their more warlike neighbors deigned to afford them, in order that they could the more peacefully continue their noble occupation of making money out of their peaceful as well as warlike compatriots. One day an official of high

position, having become vexed by the quakerous state of affairs, and being moreover a wag by nature, started the cry that the Indians were coming. The quakers quaked, and with customary instinct for self-preservation they grabbed their silver plate and ran for the swamps, where they buried that which to them was most precious. Their feelings when they returned home and discovered the trick need not be described."

The general laughed, and then went on.

"The war of 1812 was forced upon us —a peaceful, unassuming country. It is the nature of the world for the bold and bullying to pick upon the modest and the weak especially. The natural scientists have made this plain. Any one who is acquainted with human nature knows that man is no exception to the rule— man, the quarrelsome primate, whose desires are never satisfied. A boy with the face of a girl is hooted and tormented

and picked upon by his rougher playmates; but if he has a temper and strong fists he is finally respected, and very much respected at that. A Montenegro is made a laughing-stock. A Servia is kicked by an Austria. Helots are enslaved by Spartans and killed off whenever convenient. We appeared then to England effeminate, and the natural result was that the American sailors were hauled from their ships like rats from a sink, and other insults too numerous to mention were heaped upon the Stars and Stripes. The United States was forced into war against her own will. The deeds of the Constitution and her gallant crew you know well. Our men fought bravely on land, although not always with success. Hull surrendered Detroit and the whole of Michigan. Van Rensselaer resigned after vainly trying to win an important battle and losing most of his best men; and Smyth, who followed him, became still more resigned."

One of the ships that helped make the United States what it is.—*Page 28.*

"Your pun, general, is pungent," the humorous Martyr remarked.

"But quite apropos, isn't it? Things looked smoky enough for our soldiers. Dearborn had a gloomy time of it when he took charge of the army of the North; and the army of the Center did not enjoy unalloyed triumphs. The army of the East fled, under General Windor, before the British invaders."

"They say that one man, an officer, ran until he died!" added the returned Martyr jocosely.

"Exactly. It is a wonder that more did not pass away on account of similar exertions. And the enemy burned our Capitol. The southern coast received a thorough devastation. The one brilliant land victory—the Battle of New Orleans, fought by backwoods squirrel-shooters protected well by breastworks—came after the war was over! Fortunately for us, most of England's fighting men were engaged at the time in Europe

—otherwise something distinctly serious might have happened. A nation can not afford to cock up its head and crow over a post-script like the battle that Jackson happened to win."

"The United States has never been ready to defend herself," declared Hazard's distinguished visitor, who followed point by point everything that was said. "The army has never been what it ought to be. I refer not only to numbers but to good leadership, good weapons, and good discipline."

"It was naval success that helped stop the British," said the general. "'Old Ironsides' made herself famous. The spirits of Porter, Hull, Jacob Jones, Biddle, Decatur, Bainbridge, Lawrence, Sinclair, Perry, and McDonough share especially in the glory of putting to an end a conflict (between nations that ought to be brothers) started on account of our state of weakness and lack of self-defence.

"If, under Democratic or Socialistic regime, the navy is allowed to fall back into just such a powerless condition, we may expect insult after insult from those countries which are wise enough to maintain their force. A nation without adequate power to maintain her self-respect invites insults, and after insults often comes war. A wealthy man who leaves his windows open and his doors unlocked and retains no fighting servants actually *puts* the temptation to rob into the minds of townspeople who were not born with housebreaking tendencies. An unprotected woman walking through a place infested by lawless men invites insult and attack. A herd of bison unprotected by law soon falls prey to gunners. The more peaceful the possessors of fertile land, the sooner they are dispossessed.

"In the Civil War, the navy again did its share in bringing about peace. The feats of the sailors stand out among the

most note-worthy features of the struggle. The clumsy failures of a McClellan were not to be seen upon the water —rather, the courage and skill of a Farragut, and the success of a Porter, in spite too of the foolishness of a crab-like general like Butler and the bravery of the enemy on shore."

"What hopeless blunders some of our generals committed!" exclaimed Lincoln, rubbing his great palms together nervously.

Hazard's frame shook with indignant emotion. "Fools! fools!" he cried. "It is a wonder that with their jealousies they did not allow the Confederates to capture Washington, burn New York, and attack Boston! Do you remember," he went on after a pause, "how Captain Winslow finished the Alabama with seven shots? If the Government had had more ships at the beginning of the war, it would not have lasted so long."

"The contest between the Merrimac and the Monitor was a peculiar one," drawled Lincoln. "And what a strange coincidence that the Monitor should appear in just the nick of time!"

"How can you account for it?" demanded Hazard.

"How do you account for the rising of the sun every morning? The presence of life upon this globe? The persistence of gravitation?"

The general sat speechless for a few minutes, while Lincoln gazed at him with wonderful eyes,—eyes that contained in their glance more than human intelligence; then he spoke:

"I believe it was Providential, sir. At any rate, a turning-point in the tactics of war came in the wake of those ironclads—a new era in which peace should be better known than ever before. The Americans of the North and of the South became on the same day the leaders in naval affairs. Thenceforth the iron mon-

ster was destined to transform the petty peckings of nations into an attitude of semi-respectful and cautious admiration. The nation that built those iron-clads, I am glad to say, is still able to excel in naval contests, if it is so disposed. There are plenty of Ericssons, Brookes, Wordens, and Buchanans to take the place of those gallant men who fought in 1862.

"By means of an effective fleet, the Spanish War was brought to a speedy close, thus making unnecessary foolish years of slaughter and conflagration upon land. Even the rotten beef sent out from headquarters and the Tampa fever could not prevent the American sailors from holding up their end of history by new and almost incredible prowess."

"And we must not forget the Rough Riders," Lincoln added.

"What do you know of them?" asked Hazard in surprise.

"I was there," the Martyr said.

"No, we must not forget them," answered his host.

"By the way, Hazard, are you an advocate of war?" the specter asked in a peculiar tone of voice.

"I am not an advocate of war, but of peace," responded the general. "Do not misunderstand me, Mr. President. I firmly believe that the maintenance of a powerful navy is one of the greatest guarantees of peace—honorable peace, without which life is not worth living—that we could have. With such heroes as I have mentioned to man our dreadnaughts and torpedo-boats, and guide our submarines, we should have little reason to fear a foreign attack, provided only the navy were in good condition and complement, and the soldiers could do their part. What nation wanted to take up arms against us for a trifling cause after the sea battles of the Spanish War, knowing that the United States was ready to defend herself? Does a bad per-

son attack a giant, no matter how good-natured he may appear, when he realizes that the result will be humiliating for himself? We must be the giant among nations!"

"That is a noble ambition," returned the Martyr soberly and quietly.

"The greatest power in the world must lie in the hands of a peaceful and just people, in order to insure harmony among nations. Who can deny that America is a peace-loving, just and generous nation, eager to do whatever is right above all else, and ready at all times to defend the weak and down-trodden?" demanded Hazard.

"That is incontrovertible," Lincoln said, and while he nodded his head several times he rubbed his knees with his hands. "It is incontrovertible. America has always tried to stand by Justice and Right."

"Well, do you know that strength ought to belong to those who possess the

best intentions? It is a beautiful glory that comes from Might when Right stands behind it. Only when the good men and the good nations retain the balance of power will there be peace on earth and good-will to men,—for human nature can not change enough to banish evil motives from our world. With nations it is the same as with individuals: things go wrong when those with evil intentions have the power."

Hazard stopped to see what his great visitor would answer.

"I had power in the days of the Civil War," began the latter, "and I used it to free the slaves—an act which overthrew within a few days a horrible institution of long existence. If I had been weak and helpless I could not have done it. No, I could not have done it. God grant that our country may always be a champion of Right!"

"God grant it!" repeated the other loudly. "Did you see the article by

David Brewer, a justice of the Supreme Court?"

The Specter shook his head sadly. "I do not read the magazines very much now," he said.

"Excuse me—I forgot," apologized Hazard. "Well, he said: 'To lead in the cause of peace no one of the great nations is so well circumstanced as the United States. We are remote in distance and separated by oceans from other nations, so that if one of them were to attack us, it would be fighting at long range, and it is obvious that such fighting is most exhaustive and attended with the least probabilities of success.' Assuredly, as long as we have a good navy there would be little hope of success on the part of invaders. 'I remember about thirty years after the close of the war,' said Brewer, 'there took place in Washington what was called "the last grand march"; one hundred thousand veterans of the Civil War marched from the Peace

statue to the reviewing stand in front of the White House; from early morning until late in the evening that great army was moving. No sword was seen, no musket carried, and the only thing which told the story of their veteran lives was the modest Grand Army hat and button. As those one hundred thousand veterans marched down the avenue I felt as never before the immense strength and power of this republic, and that no nation would dare attack us. That feeling was not confined to myself alone. More than one of the foreign diplomats who saw that magnificent march of those unarmed veterans sent word to his home country, "No war with the United States of America!" '

"Those diplomats were impressed," Hazard went on, "with the wonderful display of silent power; not a line of women, but an army of veterans inspired their hearts with respect! A respect similar to that comes from beholding a

line of immense battleships and their companion vessels, with all their silent power."

"Brewer is right," commented the Martyr.

"Yes—listen. He says: '— — the Spanish War lasted but a few months. The total number of men mustered in was 223,000. The number killed in action was only 218—not as many as have been killed in many a single mining catastrophe; the number dying from disease, 3848. The total casualties during that war were less than the number killed in railroad accidents in this country during a single year. According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the number killed on our railways during the year ending June 30, 1908, was 3764; the number injured, 68,989. Other years show a greater fatality. In the Civil War were some of the greatest battles of history and a terrible loss of life on either side. In the Span-

ish War, outside of two brilliant naval engagements, there were only a few skirmishes.' "

"Justice Brewer makes a beautiful argument for a large and strong navy," remarked Hazard's visitor, getting up and pacing across the floor with marked agitation. He swung his long arms and rubbed his brow alternately. "Owing to the 'two brilliant naval engagements,' the war was short, and the loss of life ridiculously small—less even, as you tell me, than the loss of life in railroad accidents during the same period of time, far less. What can an American navy not accomplish! But I hope that there will never be such a need again for the United States to use her navy." He sat down again and listened to the general, whose voice he seemed anxious to hear.

"The strain of war is terrible," the other began.

"It is as hard upon the people as upon —upon those who have the responsibility

on their shoulders, and more so, because the law-makers and executives do not have to go to battle and risk their lives before the guns of the enemy."

"But the burden of maintaining a strong and effective navy is not so serious as many would make out, nor is it deprivative. In war the financial loss is not to be compared with the loss of life; and the worst of it is that often the bravest and noblest are quickly sacrificed to the will of Mars," said Hazard.

"Why have war?" exploded Lincoln. "International arbitration has proved a just and honorable peace-maker. Many a foolish war has been prevented by a timely conference."

"Yet arbitration, much as it has accomplished, can not always be depended upon, as you know. Disputes between nations have surely been nicely settled by arbitration just as trouble between citizens by an impartial court; but of what use is international agreement unless

some absolutely just nation possesses the means of having the agreement enforced? Recent events in Europe show how weak becomes a Hague when selfish and scheming nations start to quarrel in earnest with others that wish to hold their own, if not to increase their boundaries, commerce and prestige, too!"

"Recent events," said Lincoln, "have tortured me." His great chest heaved with a sad sigh.

"They are torturing us all," responded the general, and he turned quite sharply to see the expression on the Martyr's face; having seen it, he too sighed, and bowed his head—then he brought it back with a sudden jerk against the cushion of his chair. "A nation without power and without authority is as ridiculous an object as a school-teacher who can not support his discipline, for every rascal takes his turn at insulting, and does it with great glee. There are yet too many rascals in the world, nations as well as

individuals; and each rascal takes pleasure in raising himself up, if he can do it, at the expense of the more honorable and the less bellicose. How do you stop a bully? a rough? a murderer? By armed force. But the arm of justice which has no force behind it is helpless, becomes a laughing-stock, and falls like straw before the machinations of the evil designing."

"I am sorry to say that you are right," the President confirmed. "The world is full of rascals. Most people, besides, who are not really bad are likely to be weak and do little for the positive good, and are more of a drag upon the common welfare than an advantage. Righteousness always needs a strong guard, else will it fall a victim to oppression."

"We can do a lot with international arbitration. Nevertheless, we can not afford to give up our navy because of that. We need the navy just the same."

"I think so, Hazard."

The old general seemed pleased to have his visitor agree with him, and it gave him new energy. "What if a large percent," he continued, "of the annual revenue of the United States is spent in building and supporting a navy? What is money good for unless it will accomplish something worth while? The value of money lies only in its purchasing power. Now three dollars or four dollars per capita expenditure on a secure means of defence is only a slight tax upon the people and the country. Shall we be so miserly as to begrudge a little cash, of which we have a plenty—nay, a superabundance, spent for the welfare of our fatherland? Better, I say, spend any amount for protection than live in a constant state of fear and trembling, or perhaps—who can read far into the future? —in abject servitude, conquered on account of miserly and miserable weakness!"

He stopped for breath after this burst

of language and feeling. The Martyr sat with his eyes riveted upon the embers of the fire, but he did not attempt to make an answer. So Hazard went on thus:

"A small insurance premium, indeed, is the sum spent on battleships, air-craft, torpedo-boat destroyers, submarines, cannon, and other means for protection. Only the foolish prefer to run the risk of fire and untimely death without a simple protection purchased by an inconsiderable payment of money each year. A man who dies leaving a family but no means of support is a fool, and all know it—the bigger fool nowadays because of the comparative ease with which a man, even a poor man, can buy insurance. The owner of a home or a business man who loses his property by fire and has no insurance upon it deserves to lose it all, and he gets little sympathy. The wisdom of being insured against financial loss of whatever kind is fast being understood by the

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people at large; yet I hear voices raised in puerile protest against the expenditure for a fine navy. O patriotism, art thou passing into the hands of misers? idiots? O wisdom, must thou be trampled down by folly?

"One does not wish, it is true, to place one's earnings in the coffers of shaky insurance companies—nobody can afford to do that; but the building of an American navy is no uncertain thing. See how history proves the ability of our sea-fighters! In markmanship, coolness of wit, bravery and general manœuvering the American sailor is unexcelled. I do not boast, President Lincoln: I merely speak the truth."

"Yes," replied the latter, "you speak the truth. The American mariner can not be excelled."

"The discipline and training of men on board the ships of war is kept constantly up to a high standard, more so, I think, than on land; and the whole de-

partment takes a pride in efficiency. Every once in a while we read of their splendid accomplishments. The qualities that make a fleet successful are the excellency of the ships to begin with (but ships alone are only junk), and then the skill of the officers, and the discipline, quickness and valor of the men. We surely have a right to be proud of our navy."

Lincoln spoke: "It provokes me to see and hear people, many of them selfish, pedantic socialists who care little for the national safety, and other short-sighted peace-advocates, whine complainingly about the cost of a battleship which goes out of date after it is built. Let it go out of date—let anything that will happen to it, provided it has done its work of protection. Does not an insurance demand payment year after year? How often one hears of a lapsed premium and an unfortunate family! Where would the grumblers be if it were not for our

navy? They would not be enjoying life in safety and comfort in the United States as they are doing today. Let those who do not wish to take their part in the common defence depart with their silver-plate to some other spot where they can earn more money, which to them seems the *summum bonum,* under whatever hazard they deserve and can find. We can not afford to pull down our flag, or weaken the moral effect of our Stars and Stripes, because of the growling of an ill-favored few."

"It amuses me," said Hazard in answer to his visitor's emphatic words, "to hear the cry of preachers whose voices are raised for peace while condemning the appropriations for war-vessels and guns. One of them, for instance, says: 'Militarism has foisted upon the world a policy which handicaps the work of the church, cripples the hand of philanthropy, blocks the wheels of constructive legislation, cuts the nerve of reform,

blinds statesmen to dangers which are imminent and portentous, such as poverty and all the horde of evils which come from insufficient nutrition, and fixes the eyes upon perils which are fanciful and far away. It multiplies the seeds of discord, debilitates the mind by filling it with vain imaginations, corrodes the heart by feelings of suspicion and ill-will. It is starving and stunting the lives of millions, and subjecting the very frame of society to a strain which it can not indefinitely endure. A nation which buys guns at seventy thousand dollars each, when the slums of great cities are rotting, and millions of human beings struggle for bread, will, unless it repents, be overtaken soon or late by the same divine wrath which shattered Babylon to pieces, and hurled Rome from a throne which was supposed to be eternal.' "

"That is nothing but grandiloquence, General," muttered Lincoln, dryly.

"Worse than that—it is tommy-rot!" ejaculated the general with fine sarcasm. "We hear altogether too much of that stuff. I wonder whether this pulpit orator really thinks that the existence of our navy has crippled the hand of philanthropy, cut the nerves of reform, and stunted the lives of millions by rotting the slums of a great city, which happens to be his abode? I wonder whether he would prefer to continue drawing a big salary in his big church with the fleet still on the water, or to be a laboring serf under some conqueror of another race—maybe the same race as his own? Perhaps the presence of the navy makes him feel so secure in his present position that he does not worry about the future and does not care what happens to the children of his friends and their children's children. At any rate, he hardly needs worry about the battleships' taking bread from the mouths of the poor in his city. If he feels so bad about the

condition of the slums, why doesn't he take up a collection from the millionaires and other wealthy people of his church, whose names are legion, and feed the starving, cut out some of the rot in the slums, and busy himself even more than he does about philanthropy? There is enough spare money connected with his church to support a fleet and feed every poor man, woman and child in New York City until their eightieth year, besides. The fleet will afford him a good opportunity while it is yet afloat. As for the divine wrath which shattered Rome and split up Babylon, I rather think that if such a fate ever reaches us (and he appears to wish it), it will come not so much from having a navy as from moral leprosy caused by too much wealth and luxury—which is playing havoc right in and around his own church!"

"You are right," said the attentive Martyr. "There are enough millions of dollars in the United States, with the

pile growing bigger every day from more trees cut down, more coal, iron, gold, silver, copper and other metals plucked from the ground, and from commerce, trade and investments (the which I am afraid, if what I have observed since I left you is correct, is seldom carried on in an ethical way) to feed the starving throughout the whole world, if that kind of charity is beneficial to them, and to widen the cities into decent places. Let no one complain about the expense of building ships until every last dollar has been expended on improving the internal national life. I am but the spirit of a human being, and I may not know it all; but I cannot endure the talk of those who are so narrow in their religious zeal or so foxy in their utterances that they take no account of the necessity of protection for the nation and her citizens."

"Why, yes, Lincoln, if all the other countries in the world should go bank-

rupt from building dreadnaughts, we could continue with a smile. Although I wish the foreign states the best of fortune, why should we worry about their naval troubles? Our position is quite different from theirs, and so are our problems. Furthermore, it is with noble motives that we build ours, and I hope to God that it will ever be the same. The nation that freed Cuba from a yoke of bondage, and returned to China the ten million dollars which were found to be a surplus, can not go very far wrong. Shall we choke her feeble cry of justice while yet in infancy, or shall we strengthen her so that her voice can be heard and respected from one end of the world to the other?

"The protection of her citizens is a duty of any nation. The United States has many citizens abroad, scattered over the globe, engaged in various honorable pursuits—commerce, study, teaching, missionary work, and what not; and

these she must protect; if she does not or can not, then she fails miserably as a nation. How can she do it without a powerful navy? Tripoli and Tunis once mocked at the United States when she appeared too weak to resist, and even exacted tribute money from her! A powerless nation must expect such insults from grasping countries. If Belgium had been able to blow Germany's troops to pieces at the first march of invasion, Germany would not have sent her soldiers through that brave but powerless little nation. An invaded Belgium may get plenty of sympathy, but that will never restore dead men, women and children, violated honor, ruined churches and burnt villages and cities. And Germany has been considered a civilized nation! England wishes to rule the waves, and sometimes becomes a little too domineering in her attempts to dictate to every other country on the face of the globe; it got her into deep water once, but if

the United States had not possessed brave and wise men and skilful sea-fighters, she, England, would have made a milk-sop out of us and kicked us into a leaky bucket to despair. When America was weakened by the Civil War only a few years ago, did not England then try her best to force us down upon our knees and break us? What would have happened to us afterwards if she had gained her desires, no one can say. France took peculiar liberties once with our merchant vessels until our *gunboats* forced her to seek peace,—and in this short war, of which few people are aware, our navy proved its efficiency as a quick, sure and merciful peace-maker. England despises us yet—shall I say *hates* with gnawing fear and jealousy? What faithful and dependable friends have we among nations? None!"

"Hazard," interrupted Lincoln, "I must agree with you. God knows I hate war; but God also knows that when one

is absolutely necessary, it must be fought and fought well. When the War of the Union came, I was the commander-in-chief of the Union army and navy. I felt that the death of the thousands of brave men who struggled for the cause was on my head, although I was not personally responsible. Nobody can conceive the suffering that I suffered, and suffer yet! But I would not have it otherwise, no, not for the world; and I am sure that not a single man in the United States would wish it otherwise.

"Progress must be and is the central thought in the American mind. Love will some day dominate the whole world, which it will hold firmly and safely in its wonderful embrace. At the present, however, force must still be used by those who would see peace, harmony and fellowship. To be a power for the best should be the ambition of every American citizen. You do little know, my dear General, what a grand future awaits the

United States of America. Some day she will guide the nations with a still, small voice of peace; but for the while she must continue to maintain her military potency. She has need of it. Let her heed this warning. May God make all her paths peaceful paths. My spirit is ever with her."

The solemn tones of the Martyr thus blessing his country thrilled the blood of the old general. "God bless the United States!" he cried.

After a silence Lincoln spoke again.

"You will tell the people what I have said, will you not?"

"Yes," Hazard answered.

"You promise?" insisted Lincoln, as if "Yes" were not quite enough to satisfy him.

"I promise," declared Hazard.

"Very good. Ah—you—we mentioned the power I possessed when—but see, it is late, and I must depart. This is Friday, is it not?"

"Friday, yes," the general answered.

"I have much to do," the Martyr said as he rose from his chair, "but I will return again today week. Look for me then. There are still important things to talk about. Good-by till then, General!" He was gone before Hazard could look around.

For some time the latter sat meditating, before the dying fire, upon the visit and their conversation, and then went to bed and slept peacefully.

II

The ensuing week was one of continuous excitement for General Hazard, who went about the house examining various relics of the Civil War, of which he had a great number, maps of the battle-fields, histories, and geographies. His brain worked rapidly, and thoughts came thick and fast. The image of the returned Martyr would not leave his mind. Finally Friday found him sitting restlessly in front of the fireplace, in which his servants had built a cheerful fire, leaving plenty of dry wood beside it, according to his command; and nobody was to molest him under any circumstances unless he himself should call.

At eleven o'clock he heard a rustle behind him, and the eagerly expected figure appeared.

"Glad to see you!" was Lincoln's greeting. "What's on your mind tonight, eh?"

"I've been thinking of the Negroes. But what were you going to speak about? Your subject is probably more important than mine."

"I doubt it," replied the Martyr with a twinkle in his eye. "I was going to talk about the very same thing—a grand subject, and worthy of much thought. Are you comfortable?" he queried with sympathetic concern as he took the chair beside Hazard, already awaiting him. "There is nothing like taking comfort before a log fire. No, thank you, I don't eat anything nowadays. Very abstemious, you think, ha? I have other things besides food with which to be concerned, my dear General, as you yourself may learn soon.

"Well, I had started to say, before leaving you so abruptly the other day, that when I was the chief executive of

the nation, and commander-in-chief of its armies and navies, I possessed a power that enabled me to set free the slaves by the stroke of a pen,—but only after a long period of war. It could hardly have been done in a time of peace, under the peculiar conditions that existed in the United States. Even then it was rabidly opposed by millions of people, many of whom were men and women of thought, position and influence, in the North as well as the South. Who now would believe what a hoarse cry was lifted against the Emancipation and against me? God, however, was with me and gave me strength, for it was in behalf of Man that I acted, not against him. To be sure, I had many courageous supporters, who perceived as I the dangers of Slavery.

"Slavery had existed too long then, altogether too long. There were those who would have freed the slaves; but who had the power? The very constitution of the country was a bulwark against

which the Abolitionists fell back helpless; and many of the Abolitionists were noisy fools who cared nothing for the Union.

"Before God, it was the only thing to do. Who can accuse me of having usurped power wrongfully? of having made a false step? It was only as the head of a mighty army and navy and in a time of war, I repeat, that I was able to do it. Slavery was making a horrible fester in the South—demoralizing the people rapidly—turning their minds toward various kinds of lust and robbing them surely of their better manhood. Hazard," he said sharply, touching him on the knee with an intense air, "what do you think of the negro problem today?"

The general looked at him for a moment in surprise. His mind had gone back to the time of the war and the assassination of his dear President. Then he pinched himself in the leg to be sure he

was sane and awake. "It is an awful problem, Mr. Lincoln," he answered, speaking slowly in order to give his brain time to think. "You said that slavery brought demoralization to the South. It was the fault of the white man, who used the innocent slave to gratify his desire for ease and other passions which need not be mentioned. Now, I am afraid, the negro is bringing immorality to the white man—and it is still the fault of the latter, who delights in imitating the Negro's unrefined and pleasingly—as he imagines—vulgar ways."

"Is it as bad as all that?" demanded Lincoln, pulling at his beard.

"Is a dangerous, contaminating epidemic a dangerous thing or not?" demanded the general half-savagely.

Lincoln nodded. "Surely," he answered simply.

"What is this country coming to? The shadow of a foreign invasion is a cloud of whitest fleece compared with the shad-

ows of internal attack upon the morality of the people. The ethics of the New England Puritans, who helped to found this noble country of ours upon a basis of purity of mind and deed (whatever their faults may have been), has been nearly buried beneath an avalanche of licentious carelessness. The dignified authority of the home has given way to the petty influence of the school, the gross perversion of the town, and the dirty immorality of the cheap play-house and moving-picture show."

"And where does any immoral influence caused by the Negro enter?"

"Partly in the theater, sir, where the negro unwittingly poses as a model for his whiter brethren, who, filled with superficialities and childish desire to imitate, mimic his figure, his face, his manner, his accent, and his barbarous song and dance. The 'coon-song' has done its part in degrading the public mind, with its unutterable attempt at music and

words that defy analysis—oftentimes disgracefully vulgar and becoming more and more so as the people become attached to this style of play, but held in high esteem and always applauded. The dances of the African jungle, besides, are being performed by the public in one form or another, to the subordination of the cleaner steps. 'Nigger dancing,' which in its cruder forms appears to be nothing less than a substitute for sexual intercourse, is popular in the country. Because so-called 'society' countenances it, the young boys and girls are only too willing to let their sexual passions be aroused, provided they have their clothes on. It is a new sport—of unparalleled popularity—which several years ago would not have been possible. Then too the 'nigger' gambling-game, the famous 'craps', has been widely circulated. Even the tiny fellows know how to play it, and they keep at it like 'real men', until before long they becomes rakes and pro-

fessional gamblers. Lastly, a common result of the coming together of white and black is the lowering of the moral tone and even character of the former by the latter. I have seen it so often that I can speak positively."

"I should want to think that you are too severe upon the Negro," said Lincoln.

"No man is infallible," Hazard made answer, "and I am surely not; but at the same time what I say about the Negro's influence I believe to be pretty near the truth. But shall we place all the blame upon the Negro, who was brought over from the bushes of Africa to serve as a slave for the white man of little principle? Must he always be a scape-goat? The curse be rather on those who, with better knowledge, more advanced civilization, and a pale skin of which they are too proud, cast aside all decency in the pursuit of an imitative sport which becomes for them a pleasure. Do my

thoughts trouble you?" He did not fear now the specter of the martyred President, for he had long been accustomed to his presence, and he felt at home with him before the warm fire. The fear within his heart was rather dread of national decay, intensified by a feeling of despair at his impotence against it.

"I am troubled by the facts, not by your utterances," Lincoln replied gravely. "Little did the slave traders dream or care that within a few generations the Africans who were driven to work with whips would become many millions of free people in the land of their descendants, a Black Tenth in a nation of whites, promising to become soon a fifth, perhaps a half. By the way, do you believe the Negro is equal to the White?"

"That is a hard question to answer, yet I will try to answer it. Who can deny that at the present time the American of European parentage has an absolute superiority over the black man? On the

other hand, although slavery was a curse, the Negro is a man; and even if he be not yet equal to his white brethren in intellectual and social qualities, he is equal in the eyes of Jesus Christ, and as such some day he must be treated," the general emphatically.

The President smiled sadly. "You answered well," he said. Then, bending earnestly toward his interlocutor, he asked: "Do you realize the enormity of the race problem that faces the citizens of the United States? How shall the Black Tenth be treated? As inferiors? As equals?"

"The Constitution, Lincoln, makes all persons born or naturalized in the United States citizens on equal footing; and the right to vote shall not be restricted on account of color or previous servitude. At present in most of the Northern states the Negro is admitted to the ranks of men as an equal in almost every way but socially;

in the South, however, he is segregated with scorn. White and Black do not mix readily. Yet there is no reason why the product of the two should not be strong and talented; but a half-breed, belonging to neither one class nor the other, has no traditions, hence no place, and being dropped between the two, finds little opportunity to develop his best nature; he scorns the full Negro, and is in turn scorned by the White; where shall he go? he is like a cur—kicked whenever seen.

"Ordinarily it is a mixture of races that brings new force to a country, which would be forced without a change of blood to the wall Degeneracy. Young as is the United States today, degeneracy has already crept in upon her. Parts of New England are nothing but shadows of what they ought to be, most of the people with blood enemic having descended to weak-chinned worship of ancestors better than they; in the South the

sections which have been isolated are fast running down hill if they have not reached the bottom; and even in the newer West degeneracy is already at work. The Negro, who has qualities which his white brother can well envy —ardent temperament, poetic nature, artistic and musical ability of great promise, and religious enthusiasm (naturally his ideals are not developed, because he is fresh from the forest and the lash), could mix and mix well, but sentiment is against it; and, furthermore, there are other white races which bring a change of blood."

"But do not some writers claim that the mixture between black and white is not strong?" Lincoln demanded.

"They do, but they are wrong. Not one of them has yet proved his point. Whenever I see that argument, I suspect strongly that the writer has an inherited prejudice against the race."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Martyr, and silently motioned for the other to go on.

"One can easily reproach the slave-traders for their greed and wicked cruelty, and the Southern planters for their part in promoting slavery; but now that the Negro is here, dwelling with equal constitutional rights among us, he must be regarded, not as a drag to the country, but as a younger brother who is to be educated properly and disciplined when necessary. Christian love must overcome mere racial prejudice, and in time it will."

"What do the Negroes need? What is to be done for them? with them?" Lincoln demanded. "Have you a plan?"

"There are always many plans, but few are ever feasible. Some shrewd negro-haters, fearing a too rapid increase of the race, have suggested wholesale deportation to Africa, where they might become a free nation, fighting out by themselves their own problems. That is

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impossible. The native place of any person is where he is born; the Negro of the United States is a native of the United States, born under its Stars and Stripes, its sky and its laws,—no longer an African but an *American!*"

"Are all men born equal?" inquired the famous guest.

"No, sir, they are not. Some see the light of day in a home where health, wisdom, high moral and intellectual standards reign, and they are perhaps destined to find a place for themselves as leaders of men; some inherit wealth as their special dowry, and they find in life something which suits their taste, however repugnant it might be to the former; others enter the world as waifs of poverty and disease, destined to remain a burden to themselves and to society. Mind you, it is not the difference in dollars that makes men unequal, but rather the difference in moral, mental and physical caliber. Conqueror, conquered, immigrant, na-

tive, slave, white, red, black—all are born together with the inheritance their fathers left to them, the genius at the same hour with the pauper, the future president with the freedman. How can all men be equal personally? But *legally* they can be."

The Martyr shifted uneasily in his chair, as if he wished to say something in contradiction. "I must confess," he finally responded, raising his shaggy brows dubiously, "that there is no such thing as absolute equality among men. The nearest approach to equality is made through love. Even in the spiritual world, there are both giants and weaklings, and it is the duty of the strong to guide the weak."

"No, Lincoln," said Hazard after he had replenished the fire, "the black man was not and is not produced in a state of equality with the majority of his white brethren (although superior to some few), intellectually, socially, or politi-

cally. Thus, with such disadvantages, the Negro stands before us an American citizen, waiting to be treated as a legal equal. What shall we do with him? He depends upon us, since it is plain that, inferior, he is yet unable to govern himself, and is forbidden to do so anyway; but if we do not assist him, he can accomplish only a very little. He can not be penned up within narrow boundaries like the Indian. In fact, he is needed where he is—in the North, despised more as an individual than as a race, and in the South, more as a race than as an individual. Who could better fill his position as hall-boy in the modern apartment house, servant, waiter, porter and butler, laborer, and cotton-picker? The Negro is well-fitted for certain kinds of work, especially where he can wear a uniform and feel that he is responsible."

"Yes, and I admire the wisdom of Booker T. Washington, who, by the way, is an example of the races mixed—a

more intelligent and greater man than many a college president and secretary of state, when he advises his colored protegés to learn how to labor instead of going to school with the purpose of attempting to vie in scholastic and social matters with their white neighbors." Lincoln saw a smile on his friend's face, and wondered what it meant.

"I was not smiling at what you said," explained Hazard, "which is only too true. I was amused at a story told by Booker Washington."

"A story? told by Booker Washington?" exclaimed Lincoln. "Let's have it."

"Why, as I remember it, it was this way. Washington had an appointment with a negro whom he was assisting in a friendly and patronly way, and upon whom he tried to impress the importance of being on time at business appointments. The man, however, came quite late.

" 'Why are you so late?' Washington remonstrated.

"The man scratched his head as if it was pretty hard to say exactly, and at last said,—

" 'Why, Ah hab met wib a great axident, boss, sho' 'nuff.'

" 'Tell me, Jefferson, what sort of an accident?'

" 'Sho' 'nuff terr'ble axident, Boss Wash'ton.'

" 'But can't you go into details?'

" 'De tails? an' de haids, too! Mah wife she had de imprudence to lait loose de do' ob de chicken house, an' de hains an' roosters dey jes' got up an' waint home!' "

Lincoln laughed as in the days of yore. "That is certainly a good one, Hazard—eh?—and the chickens all went home! Ha ha!" Suddenly his face grew sad. "Do you know, General, I thought once that it would be best—this was before I freed them, you understand—to change

them from slaves to peons, as they are today in the Spanish American countries. What do you think of that system?"

"Some men have advocated that very thing," answered Hazard. Lincoln nodded. "But it won't do here in the United States," continued the former, "because our manners are different from those of the Latins. They have made peonage an apparently successful system, because it works so smoothly; but the peon is little more than a slave, and he knows it, and is forced to remain in his place. A peon can never advance in social position, and he knows that only too well. To bring peonage into the United States would be turning the country backwards. A nation should continue ever to advance, like a stout ship that has commenced its voyage and stops for neither wind nor wave but plows bravely ahead to its distant goal. We must go forward, not backward."

"You are right. Peonage is too barbarous a custom for us. Whatever course we as a nation take, it must be ahead, like the good ship of which you speak," Lincoln acquiesced.

"The Ship of State had a wonderful pilot at the time of the Civil War!" exclaimed the general, pointing directly at his visitor.

"I did my best. But the hand that freed the slaves was the hand of God, not mine, General Hazard. Do you know, I believe that the South as a whole does not regret that step? The change may have been hard for them, but since then they have advanced remarkably on account of it."

"The South deserves much credit. The only course left for both North and South is to treat the Negro with human love and sympathy, giving him to understand at the same time that black is not white, and that he is at present an admitted inferior. It would not be wise to

lift him into even a theoretical equality. Let him work his way upward. Let him earn whatever privileges he can prove himself worthy of. There is this peculiar disposition of a negro: he is a better man when he recognizes his own inferiority than when he tries to ignore it; he accepts a subordinate place with equanimity and is entirely happy; but the moment he raises himself to a false height, he becomes brutal and is likely to cause trouble."

Lincoln took up the conversation. "It is our duty," he said, "to treat them with loving-kindness and wisdom, and to help them to help themselves in the way that will be most beneficial to them and us. Let each man have his part to perform and be credited with all that he accomplishes. Whatever is to be his, let him earn it."

"Whatever is best for the United States, provided it be within the limits of

World Ethics, surely must be done regardless of individual tastes."

"No question of that," added Lincoln, "it must be done. The interest of the world is far greater than that of an individual, a race or a nation. The world is in need of great men, wise as well as unselfish and brave, who will guide the progress of mankind through the maze of self-interest into Universal Welfare. I have watched the Negroes with great enthusiasm, and I say, Let them labor and achieve.

"Now, my time with you is limited, and I must be going."

"I wish you wouldn't hurry, President. It seems only a few minutes ago that you came."

"That is all—but a moment," answered the visitor as he stood up and stretched his gaunt form.

"Can you not stay? or, better, come again? There is something that has been troubling me—"

"And you would like to unbosom yourself to me?"

"Exactly."

"Another night, General. You do not realize what work I have to do. If you did—well, I will not burden your mind, and you would not comprehend, anyway. Wednesday night at the same time. Remember!"

When the Martyr's form had faded away into the shadows of night, the general retired.

III

The appointed hour had arrived, and Lincoln had come upon the dot, and seated himself as previously near his waiting host, who beamed with pleasure to behold the august specter, arrayed, it may be noted, in his presidential costume—all but the hat, which somehow did not seem necessary. The long black coat was very becoming to Lincoln.

"Coming back to this earth is like walking barefooted into a nest of porcupines," sighed the Martyr, sending upward the wrinkles on his spacious forehead. "We spirits want to do all we can for you folks who still breathe the oxygen, yet we are nowhere welcome. I remember once when a boy I had to take an errand to a family that was at feud with another family, and you can imagine how I felt when I found myself suddenly surrounded by flying bullets; but I

left the message and got away unharmed in spite of the cross fire. It was the crossest fire I ever saw!" and he laughed a little, and Hazard joined him. "Some day I hope, dear comrade, that human beings will be more open to spiritual influence and will not mock, as they do now, at least most of them, the helping hand of Providence.

"What was it you have been pondering over?" His momentary humor changed to the utmost gravity—a gravity that seemed sorrowful, like the gravity of a great poet, who sees almost more than is good for him.

The general drew a deep breath. "There is so much,—it would take me forever, I imagine, to say it all."

"I know, I know. We have many thoughts, but we must express them one at a time so as not to get them all muddled up. I remember a Kentucky colonel who was overfond of his whiskey. A Yankee traveler who had just made his

acquaintance, wishing to be friendly, offered him a drink of brandy.

" 'No, thank you.' answered the colonel.

" 'What!' exclaimed the Yank in astonishment. 'Don't you drink?'

" 'Drink? of course I drink!' was the answer of the red-nosed Kentuck kicking fiercely at an empty whiskey-bottle that he had but recently emptied. 'Of course I drink, but I believe in doing one thing at a time and that well. You see,' he added confidentially, 'I am afraid that if I mix my drinks I shall not be able to shoot straight!' "

The general's laugh turned into a cough. "I can't laugh so hard as I used to without hurting me, Mr. President. I reckon you want me to shoot and shoot straight without stopping to beat the bush. Well, what do you think of the growing tendency in our democratic country toward class distinction?"

"It is terrible," answered Lincoln wearily. "It hurts me here"—pressing

his big, generous hand upon his breast over the heart.

"And what do you reckon will come of it? Will it continue to increase?"

"How can I tell? Am I omniscient? All the spirits in the Universe from Alpha to Omega can have little influence on a people that possesses no wisdom and will not listen to justice. I see so much —I see so much that is not what it ought to be!" he groaned, drawing his hand across his eyes as if to shut out things. "Some are growing wiser, but most of them are becoming more and more foolish. Sometimes I fancy that Carlyle was right when he cynically said that there were so many Englishmen in England and all of them fools; but then I become angry at him."

"Do you remember the remark of a man—his name has left me—'Class consciousness and class hatred are social treason'?" said Hazard.

"It is the truth."

"It is high time for Society to till her own soil, is it not? fertilize her own fields, and reap her own harvests; but I fear that the theories of modern Socialism are vague and unfeasible speculations—yet. There is in this country, especially marked in the large cities and their environs, a tendency toward class distinction. The more wealthy people and those who try to imitate them draw themselves from the laboring people—the common crowd, as they like to call the others. One reason for their conduct seems to be self-protection, and such a motive can not be entirely condemned; but the feeling of contempt which the moneyed snobs express, without the least attempt at concealment, toward the less wealthy regardless of character or intellect, has no excuse. Such a condition of affairs is bad enough in countries like England or Germany, where degenerate royalty and its truckling dependents, the relations, stand by common consent as the

Noble Few; in a democracy like ours it is damnable. No wonder the poorer classes and the working masses rise up with socialistic cries!"

"You used a strong word," remarked the specter. "General Grant used to swear hard once in a while, and Stanton did not like it; but I told him it was like the popping of a cork out of a bottle that had been working. Well—" that wonderful face, grander now than ever before, gleamed with a light before contracting again sorrowfully—"you are right. A wretched desire to display wealth has overcome the senses of the nation, not to mention the desire to acquire it, honorably or otherwise. But I interrupted you,—pardon me. Go on, if you please, General."

Hazard cleared his throat, and spat into the crackling fire, and then had to remove a mustache-hair from between his lips. "This is the point I was coming to. What kind of Socialism is being en-

gendered by our leather-purse aristocracy? First, a little money—in a full bag, a tight bag or a rotten bag according to the family and the circumstances; then dirty snobbishness, which is as marked in the churches, where love ought to dwell, as in the houses, on the streets, and in the theater; then class division; then bitter feeling, discontent of the worst kind, and nihilistic tendencies. The man who inherits, the man who has earned, and the man who steals—all are tempted to draw themselves scornfully apart with a stinking air of haughtiness from the laborers and farmers upon whose backs they may have crawled, taking advantage of simple minds, simple manners and simple dress; and the wives and children of these would-be gentlemen (?) of leisure and social prestige (?) turn up their little noses at the 'dirty, ordinary people' as they swing by in easy automobiles, and cuttingly command, at home, people who are working for them under

the name *servants*. The fact is that the females, not having to do dirty manual labor, become far worse than men in their nasty snobbishness. Why, I have seen it in my own home!"

"You bring up unpleasant memories, Hazard, which I would rather forget. However, it is a fact, and we must realize it."

"Even in districts where mentality is still somewhere near par, conditions such as I have described prevail; and in and about cities where money long ago superceded thought it is social Hell! Must the United States pass through that road on the way to her funeral?" The angry general clenched his fists and pounded furiously upon the arms of his chair.

"Don't get excited, my dear boy," cautioned Lincoln with a humorous gesture. "No good can ever be done by anger and fretting."

"Do you blame me for getting hot?" demanded Hazard.

"Blame you? Not in the least. I like to see you aroused by it."

"What in the world is to be done, then?"

"There are forces at work of which you little dream, sir," Lincoln replied, "I confess that I cannot see a great way into the future"—his hand swept once more over those sunken eyes which seemed to penetrate through the gloom into the mighty beyond, and then gestured as if to show a path into space—"but I have faith in the destiny of this nation, for which my blood was shed. Beside the Spiritual Forces which do marvelous things, there are men who perceive—who think, are stirred and act—who sustain human progress. Thank God, there are always some who comprehend!"

"But, Lincoln," broke in the impatient old man, "how can the wise exert any influence over the brainless masses if social jealousy and hatred are going to take possession of the country?"

"It will not be so bad as that," responded his visitor, crossing one long leg over the other. "You remind me a bit of the farmer who grumbled because his crops were poor, and then when they were excellent he complained because it was so hard on the soil. You are not becoming pessimistic in your old age, are you?"

"Please don't think so for a moment!" cried the veteran earnestly, hurt by the accusation. "I do not consider myself pessimistic. If you had a son or daughter and saw him going to the devil, would you be a pessimist because you noticed it and worried over it?"

"No, General, no, don't take what I said about being pessimistic too much to heart."

"I love my country so much that I would have it enjoy all blessings but have no curses or misfortunes. Had I not such a love, I would not care. And often I wonder, where are the hearts that

ought to be beating for the welfare of their dear fatherland? They appear only to beat for themselves—yearning for money—always money, more money, as if that were the only thing in the world.

"And the presence of money brings evils," continued Hazard, "one of which is that of social unrest."

"In what way especially?" Lincoln asked.

"In this way, sir. When the rich with their wealth, their barefaced display, and their better opportunities for getting the world's dross, which always has a glitter for both rich and poor, dwell side by side with those who are struggling desperately against heavy odds for their very bread, the latter are apt to become social malcontents and hate the word advantage, as if it were poison. This attitude is quite different from the happy, sanguine, ambitious discontent which brings endeavor and accomplishment."

"The right kind of dissatisfaction is a noble thing, since from it all beneficial reforms arise."

"Exactly,—and that is the worst of this cheap socialism of the soap-box variety. The minds of the discontented masses are sadly lacking in ideals. They destroy rather than build up. Hunger is their motive, and jealousy their god. History bears out the fact that the government of a nation by its ignorant masses leads to ruin. When Athens was reduced to bad democracy, her vitality disappeared: demagogues, ignorance and greed did away with the state. There was too much of an opportunity for each person to carry out his own desires, which tended toward general idleness and luxury and free corn and theater tickets. The ambitions of a democracy are bent toward luxury-satisfactions, just as are those of any people; but not having any intellectual interests, a *demos* out for pleasure goes by the board and wrecks the ship

of state. When France fell into the hands of the mob, her noblest blood, which was not by any means all bad, was drawn off as quickly as possible into the gutters by the hateful crowd, which could not endure the thought of *nobility*. Socialistic madness levels everything in its bitter onslaught. The levels that class envy would bring to the country are the levels of the ground, where dust and mire and brine are found, but no vegetation," said Hazard, striking his hands together.

"I am afraid you exaggerate, old friend," interposed the Martyr.

"If I do, it is to emphasize, not to falsify. Can you deny that the masses are running toward this jealous kind of socialism?"

"No, I can't deny that."

"Popular socialism is gaining a foothold everywhere, outstripping in its blind zeal its more intellectual relations. Whereas the study of society—its ways, its needs and its ideals—brings light and

betterment to the world, on the other hand the soap-box socialism brings only evil. It is the idealist who has time and desire to think that lifts society; the humanitarian, if he is a wise leader, affords new outlooks and new positions; but the sweep of socialistic envy, granting bare equality to all, would result in a low level—a huge swamp filled with miasma."

"Granted. Yet reform is necessary:—the old institutions are rotten to the core in many spots. It is time for new and better," the Martyr declared.

"Yet if reform comes at the hands of the bitter mob, then it will be not a reform but a condition worse than the previous, since the lower elements of society, which are extremely low, will be struggling to strip the higher of all they have —even their intellectuality, and not for the sake of acquiring for themselves what they strip as much as to destroy. The struggle of embittered members of so-

ciety does not work out in the right way."

"However, the voice which calls for the betterment of man is the noblest of utterances," said Lincoln. "Do you not think that the working classes should be given a chance for self-development?"

"Of course I do, Mr. President. And further: the people who have been downtrodden and still are oppressed and exploited should be freed from their peculiar enslavement; but if we are to have reform from the working-class, from the deformation which would result from their exertions would arise still more class consciousness and hatred. Why should we have class distinction at all? Is a well-dressed grafter or crook in a higher class than an honest workman of whatever nationality or garb? There is just my point:—reform should not come from any one class, but should be general and just to all. Human nature is full of jealousy, and if the jealous be given their chance, they will ruin everything."

"It was the same when I was president," sighed the Martyr. "People tried to pull me down because I was in a lofty position."

The old memory—the vision of the dying Martyr—came before the mind of the general, who bowed his head, and tears came to his eyes. Then with an effort he looked up, wiping away his tears. "Do not say that, dear Lincoln. Perhaps you had enemies—what strong man does not? But the people as a whole loved you, and they almost worship you now."

"There is little gratification in being loved after you die!" Then, as if somewhat ashamed of having said this, the sad-faced Martyr waved his left hand to turn the point of conversation back to its original channel. "This is a government of the people, for the people and by the people," he said. "So it must be forever, as long as it will be permitted to endure. A single class can never get con-

trol. However, I feel, as you say, there is an especial danger in the kind of socialism which rises from personal prejudice and hatred. The hungry wail of the large city, however much it hurts us to hear it, we cannot afford to sympathize with too much. It really does not belong to the United States. Besides, it is local, not universal."

"Let it return to its gloomy birthplace across the water, where class distinction based on chance of birth gives rise to pardonable discontent!" Hazard exclaimed.

"Let it rather be abolished entirely," answered Lincoln correctingly. "Here is plenty of opportunity. Here any person of character can rise to whatever height he is personally capable of reaching. America spells Brotherhood. We are teaching the world what true democracy is. We are a nation of brothers; and although there may be a little jealousy in the family—in what family is there not

some?—I have the strongest faith that in the near future a wonderful harmony will reign, all signs of class distinction having vanished like smoke after the fire is extinguished. Already civic societies are accomplishing a great deal toward this direction. What need is there of socialistic envy's annoying this happy country which has enough for all and which offers a chance to all that have ambition and ability?"

"Tell me, please,—why should the national resources, which ought to be kept intact for the benefit of the people as a whole, be given away to favored families? Can there ever be complete harmony as long as a few are enabled by the common laws to exploit their fellow citizens as well as the entire country? and to build up and inherit fortunes that reach almost into the billions?" the general indignantly demanded.

"I must answer no—there cannot be harmony under such conditions; but

"The strongest nation must be the best and the best the strongest."—*Page 105.*

mind you, such conditions will not long prevail. Do not look at the shadows, however, but at the sunshine. The lack of statesmanship in the United States has been and is truly awful. It almost seems that what little large-mindedness did exist was killed off by the Civil War—yet there was none too much then. Gradually there will rise noble men who will spend their lives in caring for the nation and will keep it from the clutches of grafting politicians, dishonest lawyers, vicious rulers and exploiting magnates. The day of a Morgan, a Rockefeller, a Cunningham, a Bribed Judge and Senator has almost passed, and can never come again. The people are becoming awake to important national issues which a few years ago they knew nothing about. And Ethics change with the advance of knowledge."

"Between mud-slinging campaigns and purchased senates, the Ship of State, with its bottom encrusted with barnacles,

finds it hard to navigate," remarked Hazard. He had forgotten the fire, which was getting low.

"The copper on the mighty hull is still good, however, General," said the Martyr. "All it needs is a little scraping. Bribed judges can not hold the helm long against wise officers selected by a careful company. Some day the Study and Government of National Affairs will be one of our greatest professions—similar to that of the Ministry and Medicine; and young men of ambition, mind and talent seeking for honor will find it here. It remains for men of judgment and high motives to turn the tide of Opinion, that great ruler of men, from graft and dishonest gain toward the honors of Statesmanship. Where Honor lies, thither men will always turn their steps."

Hazard scraped his foot upon the floor before answering. "Nowadays greed for money and the influence which money affords among silly people is pre-

venting all other desires. The plant Luxury is fast winding its way about the trunk of the tree of National Life and choking off its breath. The cancer of Frivolity, which eats the people to the heart, leaves little room for large ideas. The fever Graft is burning out the country's entrails. Unethical Commercialism is a knife which is cutting off piecemeal the body of the Nation. And these dangers are being concealed from view by the cloak of Superficiality!"

It was certainly a gloomy outlook that the general presented. The Martyr only smiled, and responded:

"Cheer up, Hazard. There are better days ahead. Do you think that the American people have lost their idealism completely? You must change your prophecy to one of glorious optimism. Not what happens is prophesied, but rather what is prophesied happens. In this era we do not need or want prophets to foretell destructions and devastations

in order to frighten the people into a change of manners—rather men of insight and courage who shall speak the word and show how it must be done. Prophesy a period of Ethical Nationalism, and it will come to pass.

"To be sure, America may be a bit spoiled by prosperity, which I hope will always be theirs, and somewhat overcome by overwhelming immigrations of idealless people; yet it still has Purpose, which quality prevents one from being dragged irretrievably low; and after the false snobbishness of the present has vanished before the mixture of races, there will exist a marvelous strength and vitality out of which will be born great men and women. A universal Religion based on good common-sense, Christian sympathy and high ideals will come—a religion touched with spiritual power instead of being cramped by superstition. Brotherhood, advancement, truth and temperance will take the place of bitter-

ness, stagnation, dishonesty and license. The American people will become worthy of power, and will use it to maintain National and Universal Ethics and Harmony. The strongest nation must be the best, and the best the strongest."

"We have something for which to live, have we not?" cried the old general, into whose eyes had come a new light—the light of satisfying visions.

The Martyr had ceased speaking. His tall form faded slowly away, but Hazard took notice of nothing that took place around him. The embers of the fire began to turn ashen and cold.

The next morning, when the servant, surprised to see his master still asleep by the fire-place, touched him gently on the shoulder somewhat as the Spirit of the Martyr had done the night before, General Hazard did not respond. His spirit had gone to seek the wonders of the world beyond, in company with that of the Martyr.

[END]

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WHAT CARE I.

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The first circle, the *Circus Maximus,* is reserved for hypocrites, who have games with bellicose terminations in which the spirits maul each other without needing much assistance from the Devil, although the latter has his imps always on deck to do their tortures. The second circus contains the souls of people who were foolish enough to misspend their lives on earth, and here they are taught in schools, with a system of the Devil's own make, how to become less foolish. This is the *Circus Stultus.* The third is the *Circus Glacialis,* the icy circle, where dirty and diseased spirits are frozen up in ice to keep them from rotting. Next comes the Rainy Circus, filled mainly with jealous shades, *etc., etc.*

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